

I MUST GET IN

by Jay Dover

©2007 Jay Dover. All Rights Reserved.

CAST: SALLY, 20's, young, hip, wired
MR. GRAY, 50's, regal, refined, distinguished

PLACE: An office

TIME: Present

Sally and Mr. Gray are seated at the table. Sally is flipping through a large, bound stack of papers. Mr. Gray sits patiently, perfectly postured. Beside his chair is a briefcase.

Wow. This is...
SALLY

Thank you.
MR. GRAY

Your qualifications are...
SALLY

Extensive?
MR. GRAY

Almost hard to believe.
SALLY

Sally. May I call you Sally?
MR. GRAY

Sure.
SALLY

MR. GRAY
Sally, one in such an industry as I needn't trifle with vulgar boasts of accomplishment. But on occasion, I find it necessary to indulge in minor displays of self-promotion. An unfortunate reality in the current climate our business.

SALLY
Uh, huh. You got street cred.

MR. GRAY
 "Street cred"?

SALLY
 You're qualified.

MR. GRAY
 Why thank you, Sally. With each company I've sought application, I've been welcomed body and soul. Thus, it is my sincerest wish to join your company, Sally. In the parlance of your generation, I wish to be "down with you."

SALLY
 It's "It." Down with it.

MR. GRAY
 It?

SALLY
 Yeah.

MR. GRAY
 Oh. Well. I stand corrected.

SALLY
 (puts away the papers)
 No worries. So, forget the resume. Let's just talk.

MR. GRAY
 If that is your pleasure, I am "down with you."

SALLY
 Whatever. So, why do you want to work in my company?

MR. GRAY
 A good question, Sally. The answer is simple. You have a need to fill and I am in search of a need to fill.

SALLY
 Uh, huh.
 (pause)
 That's it?

MR. GRAY
 The answers to life's necessities are always simple, Sally.

SALLY
 Yeah, but, why my company? That's what I'm asking.

MR. GRAY
 Oh. My apologies for not being forthcoming.

SALLY

No worries.

(pause)

So what's the deal?

MR. GRAY

The deal?

SALLY

The deal.

MR. GRAY

(figuring it out)

Oh. The deal. Yes, yes. Well. The deal is, Sally, I believe you and I share a common concern. As I'm sure you are aware, we find ourselves under siege by those who relish ignorance and disdain inquiry. Our enemies are waging war of untruth upon us, seeking to destroy through lies and innuendo, the very thing which propels our industry.

SALLY

Yeah? What's that?

MR. GRAY

Choice.

SALLY

Choice?

During the following, Sally will text message on her cell phone.

MR. GRAY

Yes. The freedom to choose what gives us pleasure and satisfaction and the freedom to choose the conveyance of that expression. Let me ask you something, Sally. Is choice not our right, indeed, our very birth right, set forth so eloquently by our founding fathers and fought for and defended so bravely by our fathers, our father's fathers, our father's, father's fathers, against those that would deny us our very right to exercise that which we are entitled to?

SALLY

Yeah, I guess so.

MR. GRAY

And surely you have witnessed this aggression first hand. The exiling of your friends from comforting establishments. Banishment from the airwaves. Financial burdens upon Joes and Janes toiling in grimy auto plants. And surely, you must have wondered: why must this be so? Why must I be separated from my friends whose only crime is providing companionship and comfort in my time of need?

SALLY

Yeah, that kinda sucks.

MR. GRAY

Yes, Sally. That sucks. In this national disgrace, you and I share common ground. Neither your company nor my profession can tolerate such willful affrontery any further. Would you agree?

SALLY

Yeah, I guess so. It is my company.

MR. GRAY

Yes, and being that it is your company, would you agree that you owe no one, no corporate entity, no governmental agency, no singularity an explanation as to your machinations. You are free to choose as you see fit, do you not?

SALLY

Well, yeah, I mean, duh.

MR. GRAY

Precisely. Duh.

Mr. Gray takes Sally's cell phone.

SALLY

Hey.

MR. GRAY

This is why you have called upon me.

SALLY

Give me that.

MR. GRAY

This is why you need me in your company. This has made your life a battleground of small details, at war with each other, fighting for slivers of your attention. Someone needs a ride, someone's cat is sick, tickets are on sale, "he didn't call her back, she said what?!, he said that?!, turn left where?, I'll be there at 7, no 7:30, no after eight, no, I'll call you when I'm on my way." These and those do-gooders, sneering and smearing us with high morality and indignation are our enemies, Sally, and we must fight them.

Mr. Gray hands her the cell phone.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

You know I speak the truth. That is why you requested a visitation. You and I are fellow travellers along the same path, seeking the same destiny for our company.

SALLY

Maybe. I mean, yeah, it makes sense. Some days are just... a million things... my brain feels like... kapow!! You know?

MR. GRAY

Kapow.

SALLY

Everything is so intense. Gas prices, celebrities, polar bears, eye shadow, shoes, parking garages, congressional investigations, my mom, standing in line for lattes...

MR. GRAY

The perils of youth.

SALLY

I mean, if I could just..., you know..., stop for just one second..., just stop my, you know, my brain, from, you know... spinning around and take it out of my skull and just shake it around, or something, you know? Just.... Blahhhhhburrugghhhh! I need clarity. Quiet. You know?

MR. GRAY

I will gladly take your brain out of your skull and shake it free of the worries of the world. Just say the word.

SALLY

Cool, but, you know, I'm still looking at other options.

MR. GRAY

Of course. You have choices. Unfortunately, I cannot say the same for myself. The enemies of my profession have made the current climate of employment quite difficult I'm afraid.

SALLY

That bad, huh.

MR. GRAY

I'm not ashamed to proffer the assertion that I must get into your company. There is no other course of action for me. May I be frank and present you with a personal confession?

SALLY

Well, I gotta be somewhere else pretty soon.

MR. GRAY

A momentary indulgence of your time, I assure you.

SALLY

Shoot.

MR. GRAY

Thank you. Though I consider myself wise in years and much traveled in the ways of nature and man, I remain devoted to remaining in the company of the young at heart. Your company, for instance. I believe that the future lies in the present of the young. It is in the hearts and minds of the young where my services are most fully realized. And yet, more and more, the young are believing the lies they are told by my enemies. As a consequence, my services are not in demand as they once were. That is a shame and a tragedy. I firmly believe that were I to gain employment in your company, I can begin to turn this tragedy into triumph. Such employ would restore my constitution, re-establish my usefulness to society, rekindle my halcyon days when I was needed, wanted, missed, desired. Indeed, loved. We all deserve to be loved, do we not, Sally?

SALLY

My friends say you're cool.

MR. GRAY

I've had the pleasure of the company of many of your friends.

SALLY

They all rave about you.

MR. GRAY

Flattery will get you everywhere.

SALLY

(referring to resume)

And this is... it's like the Bible or something....

MR. GRAY

I am deeply grateful that my humble contribution to society is uttered in the same breath as the world's most profound devotionals.

SALLY

Yeah. Which makes this so hard. I'm gonna pass. Sorry.

MR. GRAY

Pass?

SALLY

Yeah.

MR. GRAY

I don't understand. Pass?

SALLY

I thought about it and you're right about everything you said about pressures and choices, and my friends like you and everything but, you're not what I'm looking for. I'm just being honest.

MR. GRAY

Honesty is the pillar of friendship, Sally and if I may be so bold as to call you my friend in whom I share a common goal, please, be honest and forthcoming.

SALLY

I did.

MR. GRAY

You did?

SALLY

Yeah.

MR. GRAY

You did what?

SALLY

Look, I'm passing on you. Thanks for stopping by.

MR. GRAY

I am being rejected?

SALLY

You're not what I'm looking for.

MR. GRAY

I find it quite distasteful to be rejected.

SALLY

It's nothing personal. Times have changed. Attitudes are different. Look, you've been doing your thing for a long, long time, and I'm sure you will...

MR. GRAY

....Precisely why you should accept my application. I bring experience, longevity, loyalty, reliability, dedication. These are truths which defy change, Sally.

SALLY

I'm sorry.

MR. GRAY

Now is not the time to bend to the whimsy of charlatans and fools who claim to have your, our best interests at heart.

SALLY

I can't use you, Mr. Gray. Thanks for stopping by.

MR. GRAY

But you requested my presence. You've examined my records, equated them to Holy Scripture, no less. You brought me here only to reject me?

SALLY

Thanks for stopping by.

MR. GRAY

But I must get in, Sally. I must get in.

SALLY

Look, I gotta be somewhere else right now, so... you know. Thanks for coming over.

MR. GRAY

I MUST GET IN!

Mr. Gray grabs Sally's arm. She quickly rises, grabs chair, holds him off like a tiger.

SALLY

Okay, you need to leave now. I am not afraid to use this chair.

MR. GRAY

Wait. Wait. Please forgive me. I don't know what came over me. But I am desperate. I find my situation, quite dire. I don't know... what to do... I'm...

(he breaks down)

No one wants me anymore... The foes of my business... grow more powerful, more ubiquitous... they are killing me... I didn't do anything to them... All I want... all I need is to be needed. Is that too much to ask?

SALLY

Mr. Gray...

MR. GRAY

No, no. Please do not concern yourself with my woe. You are a young, attractive woman with a bright future of equally attractive options. Just not my option. Please accept my apology for my ill-manneredness. I will take my leave immediately.

SALLY

I'm sorry, Mr. Gray. Whatever I can do.

Mr. Gray begins to exit, then stops.

MR. GRAY

Perhaps there is one thing you could do.

SALLY

Sure, sure. What is it?

MR. GRAY

Because of my difficulty in securing employment as of late, it's become necessary for me to proffer a demonstration of my services as practical testament to my expertise and experience. I have newly acquired a device which I hope will better convey my unique services. Perhaps you would be so kind as to volunteer a moment of your time in such a demonstration.

SALLY

How long will it take?

MR. GRAY

But a sliver of attention.

SALLY

Okay.

Mr. Gray takes out an ornate kaleidoscope from his briefcase. It shines and sparkles.

SALLY (cont'd)

What is that?

MR. GRAY

The very thing of which you seek.

SALLY

Looks like a telescope.

MR. GRAY

Some might say. Others might say it is a port hole into a visionary world of endless delight. It is a glimpse of my services and I call it: A Joy to Behold. Shall we?

Mr. Gray sits Sally, center stage.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Now. Just peer through here.

SALLY

It's not going to kill me is it?

MR. GRAY

Certainly not. Not this particular device. Now, place your eye here and I will turn here and that will conclude the demonstration. Ready?

SALLY

What the hell. First time for everything.

Sally looks through the scope.

SALLY (cont'd)

Mmmm. Kinda cool.

MR. GRAY

(turns and clicks scope)

Cool.

SALLY

Wow.

MR. GRAY

Wow.

SALLY

Holy shit.

MR. GRAY

Holy shit.

Mr. Gray goes to turn and click, but Sally intercepts.

SALLY

I got it.

Sally turns and clicks scope, faster and faster. Mr. Gray repeats Sally's exclamations.

SALLY (cont'd)

Oh my God. This is awesome. Holy shit. Damn. Wow.

Mr. Gray takes away the scope.

MR. GRAY

And that concludes the demonstration.

SALLY

That's it?

MR. GRAY

Yes and thank you for your volunteerism.

SALLY
You're leaving?

MR. GRAY
At your request.

SALLY
But my friends didn't tell me that it was so, you know, so fucking awesome!

MR. GRAY
Friends. Adieu, my dear.

SALLY
Wait. Do you need me to test it some more? I will. I've got some time.

MR. GRAY
No need. You've satisfied the terms of demonstration.

SALLY
But I think I missed something in there or something and I need to see it again. Please, I just need to see it one more time and then you can go. Just a sliver of attention.

MR. GRAY
Well, since we are friends.

SALLY
Yep, friends. That is exactly what we are.

Mr. Gray takes out the scope, Sally immediately grabs it, she's hooked and sits in chair, turn and clicking. Mr. Gray will echo each of her expressions until his speech.

SALLY (cont'd)
Wow. Awesome. Ow! Oooh. Ahhh. Oooh. Ahhh. Oooh.

Sally will continue the ooohs and ahhhs, like inhaling/exhaling under Mr. Gray's speech. Mr. Gray will wrap a flowing sheet around Sally, like a long, long scarf, eventually trapping Sally in the chair.

MR. GRAY
Yes, Sally. Oooh. Ahhh. The pleasure. The satisfaction. The indulgence. Within my conveyance, your wildest visions of being cool, being hip, being now, come true. Admired by all who are worth being admired by. A rebel without a cause. A sophisticated lady.

(MORE)

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

In the cool of the evening when everything is getting kind of groovy, you'll be star of this movie, fill wine dig that girl. I won't be there by 7:30 and I won't call you when I'm on my way. Take your brain out and shake it. Within my conveyance, pleasure, satisfaction, guaranteed. Amen.

Mr. Gray takes away, the scope.

SALLY

WHAT THE FUCK!!

MR. GRAY

All done.

SALLY

Are you fucking kidding me? You're hired! You start right fucking now, alright.

MR. GRAY

Really?

SALLY

Yes!

MR. GRAY

Really, truly and positively?

SALLY

YES!!

MR. GRAY

Oh, joy! I most willingly accept your kind offer of employ and I must say, I am deeply humbled by the...

SALLY

SHUT THE FUCK UP and GIVE ME THAT THING!! NOW!

MR. GRAY

Unfortunately, the Joy to Behold is too powerful for frequent use.

SALLY

Are you out of your FUCKING MIND! You work for me now!

MR. GRAY

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I cannot permit your indulgence further lest you experience an unfortunate incident.

SALLY

LISTEN YOU FUCKING FREAK! I NEED THAT NOW or I WILL KICK YOUR FUCKING ASS!

MR. GRAY

I'm sorry, Sally. I'm afraid such vulgar behavior will force me to resign my position, effective immediately.

SALLY

NO! No, wait. I didn't mean that... I'm sorry, okay, you know... I just... that's what I need... I didn't know I need it, but once I tried it, it was... I knew I need it... my... company is so messed up... I can't think... and that thing helps, it's the only thing... Mr. Gray, please..., the future of my company is at stake. The foes of our profession are waging war against us... right? We must fight back!

MR. GRAY

That is true. Do-gooders are everywhere.

SALLY

Screw 'em! Right?! We've got to fight back, NOW!

MR. GRAY

I like the cut of your jib, Sally. Fight back, we shall. And I have just the weapon to vanquish our foes.

Mr. Gray takes out a pair of glasses/goggles, the lenses are painted over with glow-in-the-dark red paint or are lighted. He puts them on Sally.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

There. How's that for kicking ass and taking names.

SALLY

Oh, my fucking God!

MR. GRAY

Well iterated, Sally.

SALLY

Don't ever leave my company. Never.

MR. GRAY

I'm afraid that's quite impossible, my dear.

Mr. Gray straddles behind Sally and wraps themselves in a large, chiffon-like, white sheet. Sally's glasses glow in the dark or are illuminated. Sally inhales and exhales, deeply, measuredly. She has become a cigarette.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

I'm so happy to have joined your company Sally.

*Mr. Gray joins in with Sally's
breathing.*

Lights fade.

End of the play.